



MR. PEEBODY'S  
SOILED TROUSERS  
& OTHER DELIGHTS

#15



Here's a little bit about me...My name is Jason. I'm a short, flabby white dude who's fast approaching his thirtieth birthday. I grew up on a farm in New England and went to a state college ten minutes away from home. I've held a number of varied jobs: auto parts store clerk, reporter, construction worker, baby sitter, stock footage librarian, record store owner, kitchen cleaner, radio scanner. I've driven cross country five times and lived in California for a few years before moving back to the east coast to open a record store. Though this zine I fell in love with a girl from Southern California, who happened to be living in Japan at the time. She uprooted herself to be with me and I returned the favor. I closed down the shop and moved back to Los Angeles so she could take up acting. We've been living, poor but happy, in Hollywood since the beginning of 2001.

This is the place where I write a little intro to this issue. I say something about how late the issue is, why I think it's crap, what I wished I'd done to make it better before getting it printed. But let's cut thru the usual formalities and get to the good stuff...My mailing list got erased from the disk it was on. The other day I popped the disk in and the file's there, but there's nothing in it. How charmingly quirky. I did a little dance of delight about that one I can assure you. Anyhow, I was able to salvage an older version of the file, but still I lost about 20% of the addresses. That means some people won't be getting this issue, even though they paid for it. Sorry.

Mr. Peebody's Soiled Trousers And Other Delights is written, produced and misdirected by me. All opinions are necessarily the views of this zine and its writer, except for the stuff that isn't. Reprinting of this publication in any form is just a waste of time. Forests-a-plenty were destroyed in the making of Mr. Peebody's. Single copies are \$2 to Jason, PO Box 931333, Los Angeles CA 90093.

## LETTERS !!! LETTERS !!! LETTERS

*Yahoo! Letters, I love 'em! And I love to print 'em, so be careful when you write to me.*

Jay,

got your new issue in the mail on my weekly saturday mail pickup. yee-haw! and what a big-boy it is! i've only glanced through it, right to the page where you overcome your aversion to frozen pizza via amy's pesto pizza. that's good mo-fo!!! not too long ago whole foods had a super sale on amy's pizzas, like \$2-\$3 off. i stocked up. i had to borrow friends' freezer space that's how well i stocked up!...yep, i remember most of that night (june 2) well enough, even the entire drive home from the zine fest, where i kept thinking i'm glad my sense of smell goes when i'm drunk cause every 5 or 10 minutes poor little cherry stirred and leaned towards that plastic grocery bag and the sounds i heard. watching this week's survivor i was reminded of it! soyes!

later! carrie

Jay,

Thanks for the new MP. It made for good reading. Glad to see you found a job before you went homeless (it's hard to do a zine from the streets I imagine although suffering always makes for interesting reading afterwards--suffer for your art and readers Jay!--nah, I'm happy reading about mundane life since you always make it interesting. If you were a fictional character I might demand more pain in my narrative helping but in autobiography that's nothing to wish for--I wish nothing but happiness for you my man!). Say, nice Granton cover too! I ran into him and Carrie



McNinch at the UPC. Nice folks those minicomicsters!  
Anyway, how's the journal going now that you're working?  
I know the zine is fun but it can grow to be a chore  
sometimes while keeping a schedule. There's my suffering I  
guess! Hang in there!

Cheers! Wred Fright :)

*[Yeah, the zine can be a bit of a drag. Especially when you've forced  
yourself to have to deal with it on a daily basis as I have. - Jay]*

Jay,

Had to write after reading your entry of June  
29, 2001. WHAT ON EARTH  
ARE YOU DOING HAVING UNPROTECTED SEX WHEN YOU  
DON'T WANT KIDS RIGHT NOW? Jesus, I thought you  
had more sense than that! Please, Please Please  
invest in some birth control. I mean, Christ, I  
have very little sexual experience, but even I  
know that if you stick a penis in a vagina, and  
both partners haven't had their tubes tied or a  
vasectomy, and both are of child-bearing age,  
and NOT using birth control, the chances they  
could conceive a baby are very possible.

Don't be one of these schumucks who end up  
getting pregnant then have  
the gall to say, "geez, I know we weren't using  
protection...but still." I have no sympathy for  
these people. Pregnancy doesn't JUST HAPPEN,  
like a lot of people seem to think it does. I've  
been in situations where the guy wanted to have  
sex, but I refused because I didn't have any  
protection, and even though I never asked, I  
knew the guy wouldn't have any either. 'Cause  
guys don't think. I mean, just look around if  
you want proof.

Gloria

Hey Mr. Jason,

Regarding the whole car alarm incident, in Burbank  
you can actually call the cops on a car with its alarm going  
off. I know. I did that very thing one time! That car's alarm  
never dared go off again.

Another car alarm story--one time I was awoken by  
an angry person pounding on my door. He had the mistaken  
idea that the car alarm that was going off was mine. I don't  
know how he deduced this--unless he was just going  
door-to-door. I was still too sleepy to be angry so I went  
back to sleep. (I got angry later--when I woke up.)

Ahh, the urban lifestyle.

Pat





## Wednesday, Aug 1

I feel a little gassy, but otherwise I'm doing all right.

## Thursday, Aug 2

An old creepy house, scary Buddhist squatters, the cafeteria at an all-girls college, gangsters shooting at me and my "family" of oddballs, my cousin Julie pulling a gun on me in her quest to kill some girl that was bothering her, a struggle for a poorly hidden treasure, me without any pants on...All of this and much more was part of a very intricate and long as hell dream I had last night.

The disk drive still isn't working on this computer, so I don't know what to do about printing up the May issue of Peebody.

As I was sitting here writing, I got a call from Mom. She tends to go on and on when she gets me on the phone. Often I will zone out and pretend I'm listening. But Mom got my attention this time around when she told me my teenage cousin, Jeremiah, had gotten his on-again off-again girlfriend pregnant. His mother went nuts, yelling and screaming at her son, and may have even busted out a can of whoop-ass on the girlfriend. The details are a little fuzzy.

Then Mom tells me my Aunt Sally is getting a divorce. Sheesh. Mom tortures me with years of long, boring phone calls and then all of a sudden, she's got crazy amounts of interesting info.

## Friday, Aug 3

God, I almost forgot about this here zine. I was so relieved it was Friday that I just came home and vegged out. Didn't do a damn thing, cuz the work week is over. So does that mean I think of this zine as work? I've told

myself that if doing this becomes like work then I need to stop. No one should dread their hobbies.

The L.A. Zinester's Picnic is tomorrow so I should probably hit the hay early so as I'm fresh and rested, not tired, grouchy and generally hateful of mankind.

## Saturday, Aug 4

Going to the grocery store, in this case Ralph's, at 9:30AM is a beautiful experience. I had to get ingredients for my Wild Chili Surprise. The parking lot was relatively empty, meaning I found a spot right up front. It wasn't crowded inside and the lines were very short. Also, they were putting out fresh food as I walked around. Sweet.

I was making my special chili for the Zinester's Picnic which I mentioned yesterday. It's an event put on by Kerith of Pisces Distro and held in Griffith Park, located in the Hollywood Hills. It's barely a hop, skip and a jump away from where we live, yet we were still almost an hour late. The value of directions or a good map is grossly underestimated.

When we finally arrived we were greeted by three people: Kerith, Lynne Lowe and Don Fitch. We were expecting maybe a couple dozen folks, so that was a little disappointing. But as the afternoon wore on, people did start rolling in. People we didn't know and some we did, like Kelli Williams and her man David. There was also Mark of **Speed Demon** and **The Cult of Eidophusikon**, and his friend Carlos of **Angerbox**.

There was plenty of food and that in turn drew a bunch of bees, tenacious bees at that. After talking and eating for a little while, some of us hiked up to the Bronson Caves. It's basically one cave with three short branches. They're manmade, carved into a rocky hill. Numerous tv series have used the site for filming, such as Batman, Wonder Woman, and The Six Million Dollar Man. There's



lots of trails throughout the hills. It's a relatively peaceful area, considering it's smack dab in the middle of Los Angeles.

When we got home I was overjoyed to find a football game on the ol' telly. Sure it was only a preseason game between two teams I'm only slightly interested in, but shitdamn I'm ready for some football!

## **Sunday, Aug 5**

Lazy Sundays are the best...when you don't have a nagging urgency nipping at yer bum. I got a packet of zines for review from Jerianne the other day. I haven't been doing much work on the script lately. This computer needs fixing. Right now I'm saving everything on the harddrive. If I wait any longer we won't be able to hold the zine fest we're planning this year. There's about a half dozen other little projects or errands I need to do.

## **Monday, Aug 6**

I didn't get to sleep until after midnight and then I kept waking up. It was like an alarm clock went off in my head every couple of hours.

I found myself standing in front of the mirror at 7AM and didn't know how I'd gotten there. Looking at my reflection, I saw that I did not do a very good job shaving my head last night. Without realizing it, I've given myself a very tiny mohawk. I kinda look like a very scrawny, very white Mr. T without any expensive jewelry. It's like I'm his illegitimate, asthmatic stepson.

I've taken to clenching my teeth over the past few days. I don't know why, but I've been grinding my teeth and shutting my jaw too tightly. It's causing me headaches.

The Chinese food place I go to for lunch during the week sometimes (it's like at 6600 Sunset or somethin') just

lowered their low combo plate price to \$2.95, which was really not that necessary. Before, you could get rice, chow mein and one item with a soda for just over \$5. Now you can get all that for exactly \$4. And dude, the crazy-nice little ol' lady behind the counter heaps that food on that fringin' plate, and she remembers everyone's usual order. How can you not love that?! Question. Can you adopt little old ladies? I think I need another gramma.

## **Tuesday, Aug 7**

Woke up with three wonderfully fat zits on my face. Nothing's more frustrating than when zits are tiny. I likes mine **FAT** and *juicy*. Good for the poppin'.

## **Wednesday, Aug 8**

Rode Manny's bike back to work cuz he's back from his two week Summer service in the Army or whatever the fuck it is. The ride in wasn't as bad as the last time I was on that damn bike. Having the cool wind on my face helped wake me up. Unfortunately, by the time I got to VMS my inner thighs were going on strike. They're the muscles that never get used and they like it that way.

Had lunch at Pizza Hut with Cherry Berry Wine. That's kinda nice. Nice that we can occasionally have lunch to together. Cuz sometimes Cherry has to work at night, so we might not see each other all day.

After I got home from work we ventured over to the Fairfax to catch the second running of **The Dish**. It's the story of the small Australian town from which NASA transmitted part of the 1969 Moon landing via satellite. Overall it's extremely light, feel-good fare. The type of movie that could've been cut down to an hour and made into a Made-For-TV Movie of the Week. Enjoyable and forgettable.



Stopped at Aron's Records on the way back. It's a popular shop on Highland just above Santa Monica Blvd known for it's decent used section. I picked up a 17 song collection of Phil Spector-produced songs for just \$3.99, which included Ike & Tina Turner, The Ronettes and The Righteous Brothers.

### Thursday, Aug 9

Had a dream last night about a raging bear with a growl to shake the mountains. It was quite fierce and oh so very frightening. Me and someone I couldn't identify were standing in a field next to a forest and kind of in between us was a massive brown bear. It let out a bellowing roar so loud my eardrums rattled. Then it charged. I threw a piece of meat at it as a distraction, but that didn't do much other than divert its attention from me to the other person. As it was about to rip into... whoever the hell the other person was, I woke up. And boy was I awake! (Discovery: My wimpy alarm clock doesn't do half the job a roaring bear by my bedside would do.)

### Friday, Aug 10

So little happened it's hardly worth mentioning the mere existence of this day. Hope the rest of you got more out of it.

### Saturday, Aug 11

Today was a sleep-in, restin' kinda day. I read some zines that need reviewin' for Zine World. Watched some pre-season football. Washed dishes. Meant to do a much needed load of laundry...shit. Shaved and showered, and then showered again later as it got a bit hot this afternoon.

## "Why Is It Called Mr. Peabody's Stinky Pants And Something?"

It's a lengthy explanation and I've been asked it more times than I cared to answer. So I'm gonna put it down in print. That way you don't have to ask, right? So here it is, the explanation to the title of my zine, **Mr. Peabody's Soiled Trousers And Other Delights**.

Right off, when most people ask, they assume I've spelled Peebody wrong. You see, Mr. Peebody comes from my days of being a chronic bed-wetter. Right up until I was 8, 9 or maybe even 10 (ok fine, I *still* wet the bed!) I could not stop myself from, um, marking my territory in my sleep. After years of this, my dad got quite frustrated. He told me, "If you don't stop wetting the bed the kids at school are gonna call you Mr. Peebody." I didn't say anything at the time, but I was thinking, "Well, how the hell are they gonna know?" I mean, it's not like I didn't shower up and put on clean clothes. What, was he going to tell them himself?

The "Soiled Trousers" bit obviously ties in with the bed wetting, but mainly it can be traced to my love of Monty Python and British comedy in general. Whenever I'd watch those shows it always seemed like someone was talking about having soiled their trousers, and I found that immensely hysterical.

"And Other Delights" is a direct quote from Herb Albert's album **Whipped Cream and Other Delights**. That album cover gave me my second woody ever. The first was erected at the sight of Deborah Harry from Blondie when she preformed on the Muppet Show. Oh baby, come to Peebody...





## Sunday, Aug 12

Rise and/or shine. It's one or the other. I can't manage both. Either I get up and stumble about or lay about in bed...and that's where I shine. The years of laziness have paid off big dividends in my ability to waste away a day with my head in a pillow.

Today we didn't lay around too much, as we wanted to get off early and catch the flea market at the Rose Bowl in Pasadena. It's the biggest one in Southern California, don't cha know. Ah, but they don't call it a flea market, now do they. Oh no, it's called a swap meet. Riiiiight. What's getting swapped is their crappy shit for your good money. And crappy shit it did turn out to be. About half the booths were antique dealers, which means they're selling old shit for more than it's worth. There were plenty of arts and crafts tables and way too many people hocking plastic gift shop crud. Once we had walked around and gotten nice and hot and tired, we found the "2nd hand" section. Now this is the type of stuff I came looking for and usually find at the east coast flea markets, the kookiest stuff at the cheapest prices. That's what it's all about. But I didn't end up getting anything. Partly cuz nothing appealed, but also I didn't have a lot of cash on me. The parking fee (\$3) and ticket to get in (\$6) were somewhat unexpected charges. Cherry bought Playstation's Grand Theft Auto, still in the shrink wrap, from this dude for \$8. Sweet deal on a kick-ass game. And now she's done Christmas shopping for her brother Timothy.

We ate lunch at a Japanese restaurant on Pasadena's trendy strip, Colorado Ave. The food was good, but the best part about this place were the boats floating around in a tiny circular river that went round and round the sushi bar. They carried dishes of rolls and other common items, from which you could pick and choose as they passed, grabbing whatever struck your fancy. For dessert we had tempura ice

cream. It's a deep fried, green tea-flavored ice cream that can be scrum-diddly-umptious if done right. Whilst finishing up, a big drunk white slob lumbered in demanding "Mucho grande sushi" from any of the staff that would listen, pushing a crumpled fiver at this waitress whom he towered over like a swaying redwood. One of the waiters took him gently aside, asked him what he wanted, led him outside, stood with him at the door, and then the guy just calmly walked off. I was amazed at how well that went. Usually there'll be at least a small outburst when the drunk guy is told to move along. But it was like the waiter gave him the Vulcan death grip of kiss offs.

Back from Ole Pasadena, Cherry dropped me off at Warren's, so he and I could work on the script. I was hoping to get at least half of it done, but we only got a third of the way thru. That might actually seem impressive, except that we're talking about a screenplay that's only going to be about 15 to 20 pages long when it's finished. Oh well, it's coming along nicely. And he and I are working together much better than when we attempted the full length script back a few years ago.

## Monday, Aug 13

It was eerily dark in the office today. Dark like the very depths of my soul on a Monday morning. EVIL is the alarm that wakes my peaceful slumber and sends me groggy and stiff legged into another menacingly grey workday. I vow a never-ending venegance upon thee!...okay, that's probably enough of that.

## Tuesday, Aug 14

There was more puke on the sidewalks this morning than I've ever seen before. I think I stepped in some, too.



My car sits on a side street a block away from where I work and a good mile or more from where I live. It's the only place around that I've found where you can park all day, all week long...and that's only cuz the street signs have been ripped down. Well, every once in a while I'll walk down there to check on the ol' car, make sure it's still there and whatnot. Today I decided I'd take it for a ride and give it a washing, since it hasn't moved from that spot in nearly two months and the dust was settling on it like a down comforter. When I got to the car I found a ticket on it. Luckily, it was just a warning ticket and I didn't have to pay anything. But basically I was being warned that my dirty car needed moving. Apparently there's a 72 hour limit as to how long you can leave your car on the side of the road. The ticket was issued yesterday, so my three days would've been up on Thursday. If I hadn't moved it "a minimum of 1 mile" my car would undoubtedly have been ticketed and towed. Yes, I agree, it does sound like a stupid rule. Obviously it's one of those little laws that's only enforced when need be, like when there's no signs up and thus no way to get rid of that ugly looking car uglying up the beautiful cityscape.

### Wednesday, Aug 15

Manny and I walked up to Sharky's and got some good good grub for lunch. I had a chicken burrito and I don't think I'll need to eat for the next couple days.

Saw Nicole Kidman coming out of the CNN building this afternoon. In heels and high hair, she looked fairly tall. She's a white girl, that's for sure. White and super skinny. Her toothpick body was wrapped in a white corset that gathered up and displayed every ounce of boob on her. I'd wager she's either trying to regain her youth by becoming a slutty looking bimbo or she's trying to land a

new husband. It's probably both. Ah, what do I care? I really couldn't give less of a shit.

Some afternoons Cherry picks me up at work so I don't have to walk home. I walked out today and found only her car sitting there. I figured she had left it there as a considerate gesture, because I thought her and her friend Liz were gonna go off and do stuff together today. I imagined they'd take Liz's car and Cherry would say "Why don't I surprise Jay and leave my car for him to drive home, so he doesn't have to walk." Ah, what a sweet girl. So I got in, looked around for a note or some kind of sign that let me know what she was definitely up to. I even sat in the car for a while thinking she'd parked it there and gone into a nearby store. When it seemed like she indeed wasn't coming back, I took off. When I got home the phone was ringing. It was a collect call from Cherry. She was at the Staples store next to the CNN building and could I come pick her up, since I stole her car.

### Thursday, Aug 16

I was damn close to stepping in a massive pile of shit on the way to work. A few feet down the sidewalk, a hobbling black man with a cane asks me if I know where he can buy some gym shoes. It was probably a line, an opening for me to say something like "No, but I got other stuff for sale." Or maybe he really was looking for shoes. The YMCA was right across the street. Maybe he was going in to shoot some hoops and was in need of a pair of Chucks.

Mom called. We talked for a while. She told me her and my dad were going on a marriage furlough. I've never heard of such a thing and so she explained...

My dad was recently evaluated as having ADHD, a form of ADD which causes hyperactivity and loss of concentration. My brother has it, so Mom and Dad went



back to the same doctor Dan had to get Dad checked out. While there, they decided to have a little counseling done regarding the situation and how it's affected their relationship. Long story short, the counselor suggested they go on a marriage furlough...yeah, I've never heard of that one either. Apparently it's like a separation in that they live apart from one another, but they continue seeing each other. Sort of like dating. The doctor said they were an unusual couple in that they didn't hate one another, like most that come in for counseling. The idea is that they will spend some time apart and see how that works, as opposed to getting a divorce and later realizing it was a mistake.

To hear my mother say "divorce" was a hell of a surprise. Totally unexpected. I'm not worried. I'm sure they'll work things out and life will go on, maybe even better than before. But still, I'd be lying if I said I wasn't a little shaken by the news. I may be a 28 year old man, but damn, that's my mom and dad.

## Friday, Aug 17

Though Fridays have been coming fast and furious, this one could've come faster. Like yesterday would've been good.

Saw Sillk the Shocker walk into the building while on break. Apparently my co-workers see Master P coming and going everyday, but to the best of my knowledge, I have not. Though I'm not sure I'd recognize him anyway.

I had some big plans to get shit done when I got home. Didn't happen, as usual. On Fridays I tend to collapse into the couch and turn into a vegetable. And when it's hot outside (thus hot inside as well) it's doubly hard to get it up for anything more than flipping thru the channels on the boob tube.

Cherry's been rather horny lately. Like last night she came to bed just after I'd fallen into a light sleep, and

well, she had her way with me. She ravaged my semi-conscious body, treating me like a piece of meat. And I loved it. Tonight I was at least mostly awake when she attacked. We worked ourselves into a frenzy and went to town for what seemed like a dizzying two whole minutes, though it was probably 60 seconds tops.

## Saturday, Aug 18

What the fuck's up with the stinking sheets? The one that covers the bloody mattress gets all bunched up underneath me during the night and feels all uncomfortable. I fix it every morning and sometimes in the middle of the night, but the fucker just keeps pullin' this shit on me and I'm gettin' a little unnecessarily tense about it.

Man, did I ever need a good ol' showerin' this morning. I was what experts might call "stanky". Funny thing though everytime I shower up and get all clean, Dirty Cherry wants to jump my bones. It's like I become a Dirty Cherry magnet. I guess it goes both ways, cuz I know when she gets out of the shower I tend to gravitate towards her clean and bare breastesses.

Sent brother Dan a mixed tape of Billy Bragg stuff. It's the second one I've sent. He loved the first one and played it a lot. And of course it got eaten up on him. But that's cool, I like making tapes for people. If you would like one of something you've read about here in Peebody, just send me a blank tape and I'll record stuff on it for you. New music is fun. It's like discovering new worlds and that's just downright exciting. *[God fucking bless technology! I am now able to put most things onto a blank cd, if you'd prefer. - ed.]*

Desperately needing new undies, I did a load of laundry this morning and ended up running into Laundry Lady again. She was actually civil to me this time. Though



she did talk to herself for most of the time I was there, so maybe she was badmouthing me underneath her breath.

We went to see **Moulin Rouge** at the Fairfax. Three bucks is asking too much for this big turd. It's every reason I can't stand MTV. I don't even wanna talk about it.

I'm working on **Mr. Peebody's Picture Book of Memories: Volume 2**. That's what I spent most of my evening doing, doodles. I had called Carrie earlier in hopes she'd be around to do something, but no luck. I haven't heard from her in a while and that tends to worry me. Granted it's my fault for not keeping in touch with her better. I suck as a friend.

## Sunday, Aug 19

Off to the Melrose Trading Post we went. It's a flea market at Fairfax High on the corner of Fairfax and Melrose. \$2 to get in. \$1 if you're a student or if you have one of those handy coupons found each week in the LA Weekly.

I ain't got much money, so I was mainly just along for the ride. But Cherry found a cute little suitcase, much like the one she already has. Her sister Mary Ann has expressed great interest in it, so Cherry picked up the one she saw today as a gift for her. Oh and I came across a old favorite, an electric football game, the one that buzzes and the tiny plastic pieces go rattling around aimlessly. One summer when I was a kid I sold tons of magazines to get one of those games. It was so much fun, even though I wasn't lining up my players correctly. And none of them went in the right direction anyway, so it would always end up in one big frustrating mess. Then my little bother...I mean, brother stepped on it and bent it so that the players always gravitated towards the middle of the field. Well anyway, I didn't have enough money with me, so I had to pass.

I also found this 60s board game that was so ridiculous. I don't remember the name, but the object was to drink and strip. You supposedly ask "naughty questions" to elicit "naughty answers". Obviously, like tv's **The Match Game**, innuendo plays a big hand in the silliness that would undoubtedly ensue.

Later on I went over to Warren's and we worked on the script a bit. I'd say one more writing session and we should have the rough draft finished.

## Monday, Aug 20

I finally got around to writing up a list of hardcore and punk CDs and records that I'm selling. It's for a kid named Jason that works at VMS. He's interested in what I've got. I'm still selling off leftover's from the store I had in Massachusetts. Jason is actually originally from Hartford, Connecticut and used to go to shows in the same area of Massachusetts as where I'm from. So anyway, I brought in the list and gave it to him over lunch. He's gonna buy a few things and that'll be a sweet \$15 or \$20 bucks in my pocket.

While we were sitting there in the break room having lunch, watching the Celtics play the Suns in the '76 championship series, I walked one of the new girls just recently hired. She's an attractive, dark skinned Asian with rather large, almost bulbous eyes. Don't ask me to repeat her name. I've never heard of it before, and it's long and hard to spell. We got talking about this, that and the other thing. I found out she wants to go to school at Emerson in Boston. Her goal is to become a newscaster or reporter or whatever. Emerson is definitely a good school for communications, but I tried to warn her about New England. Since she was born and raised in Southern California, I told her that she might find Massachusetts to be old, dirty, rundown and depressing. Sure, I mentioned



all the interesting culture and history. However, I suggested making an extended visit before deciding to move there. She didn't say much to that, other than that every boy she's ever had a crush on always seems to come from Boston. I'm sure she's got better reasons for moving than that, but it's all she mentioned to me.

The roaches are winning again.

## Tuesday, Aug 21

A rare overcast day in the midst of August provided a pleasant mildness to the weather which I enjoyed during my big 15 minute walk to work. Actually this Summer has been extraordinarily mild up until the past week or so. With the Fall rolling up on us, it should soon take the edge off of this late season rally by the Sun. Then it'll soon be time for coats again. But that's okay, as Winter here is a laughable thing compared to what I'm used to in New England.

Cherry's off at her Groundlings improv class and I'm sitting here typing and listening to Morrissey. I've gotta get my wheels back. Since I've been, in essence, without a car, I don't get out as much as I might. I'm starting to get sick of this apartment.

## Wednesday, Aug 22

The streets are beginning to smell more and more like urine.

Cherry and I have numerous anniversaries. We celebrate on the first of the year, cuz that's about the time that we first got to know one another. There's also the date when she moved out to Massachusetts in late October, Halloween night if I'm not mistaken. And then there's this Sunday, August 26, when we first met face to face. Right now would be a good time to explain how that all worked out. But quite frankly, I don't think I will. I've gone over it

enough in past issues and so if you don't know the fairy tale story that is the beginning of our relationship, you can always check out the back issues.

I gave Cherry a present tonight, because this weekend we're going up to Santa Cruz to attend her friend's wedding. But Jay, you're wondering, why tonight? Why not wait and give her the present on Friday or something? Well dear reader, that's simple. You see, Cherry has tomorrow off and conversely she's working all day Friday...so she wouldn't have time to enjoy the **AbFab** dvd I bought for her.

## Thursday, August 23

Last night I dreamt Cherry and I were living on a college campus with a bunch of people I know, and I can't remember who any of them were. For whatever reason, I wandered into the "bad part of town" by myself. Oh yeah, now I remember...I wandered into the bad neighborhoods in order to cash my paycheck, which makes as much sense as any other dumbass dream I've ever had. So anyway, as if on cue, I get mugged. The guy tries to take my check, but I don't let him. I end up stabbing him in the chest numerous times with a ballpoint pen. The wounds aren't particularly bloody at all. But the guy's in serious condition, so of course I start dragging him across town in search of help. Later, I wander through the city until finally finding my way back to the campus. I'm a mess and totally confused by the dorms and college buildings. Cherry finds me roaming about and takes me up some stairs to a dorm room where I lay down on some random kid's bed who I know I don't know, but at this point I don't care.

The Red Sox are in town this week playing the Angels, and tonight was the last night of the four game series, so Cherry and I went to the game. Bret Saberhagen was suppose to pitch for the Sox, but he was replaced by



Fossum. I guess he's not 100%, so they say. Former Red Sox pitcher Pat "Grapefruit Tossin" Rapp was on the mound for Anaheim. We had seats right behind the pitcher. They would've been great if they were about 300 feet closer to the ground. Yeah, we were in the nosebleed seats. But hey, we only had to pay half price due to the kindness of a fellow Sox fan who gave us an empty Pepsi can. Cuz on the back of the can there was a buy-one-nosebleed-seat-get-one-free deal. Course the price of the tickets really pales in comparison to the cost of parking and the concessions. Jesus, what an ass raping. But I was glad to bend over and take it lubeless, cuz in the end the Sox won!

## Friday, August 24

I forgot to mention yesterday that Cherry gave me The Smith's "The Queen is Dead" on vinyl for our anniversary. I think the only album I need now is "Meat is Murder" and I'll have all the studio releases. I doubt I'd ever be able to find all the singles.

The computer database was down almost all day today. It seemed like a beautiful thing at first, but then we realized they weren't gonna just let us go home. So we waited around, doing nothing, and let me tell you...doing nothing is actually worse than working. Yes, it's a boring job, but sitting at the boring job not doing anything is absolutely tedious.

I did a bunch of chore type shit. Do you want to hear about it? No, me neither.

## Saturday, Aug 25

The alarm went off at ten minutes to six for the love of god. What sort of devil's spawn is alive at that hour? The only reason we were up was cuz Cherry's friend

Rebekah was getting married at 2PM in Santa Cruz. We drove and drove and drove, finally arriving in crappy-ass Watsonville at 1PM. We had reservations at the luxurious Motel 6 on Silver Leaf Rd or Ave or whatever, but when we got to town we couldn't find the place right off and then proceeded to get turned around crazy-like cuz the bad lay out of the streets, the heavy traffic and my piss poor driving skills. After stopping for directions, we flew to the hotel, got dressed in record time and off we went...round and round in circles, trying to get back on the highway heading towards Santa Cruz. Seems the exit nearest Motel 6 on the 1 only has Southbound on and off ramps, nothing for us Northbound fucks. So we drove South and got ourselves flipped around the right way.

Though we were a good 15 to 20 minutes late, luckily so was the bride. She was just getting out of a car as we pulled up. Cherry gave her a hug and we walked to the cliffs overlooking the Pacific Ocean where the ceremony would take place. It was a beautiful site, and although it was quite windy, this was one of the best weddings I've ever been to. No churches, no pomp and circumstance. Totally unpretentious. The reception was held on the patio of a Scottish pub and it was refreshingly laidback. Cherry ran into an old friend she went to school with back in Lemoore. He was somebody that she had a small "thing" for back then and later found out that he felt the same about her. No, I didn't get jealous and threaten to beat him up. I'm really not the type to get all insecure about such things. I mean, if I lost Cherry to a guy she had a crush on back in high school, you'd have to think our relationship wasn't standing on solid ground to start with. And if Cherry was the type of girl who might get "too friendly" with the guy in such a situation, do you really think Cherry someone I would want to be with anyway? No, of course not. I have too much self-respect to live my life that way. And Cherry is a better person than that. To boot, the crush in question, I



would soon discover, is one hell of a nice guy, a complete gentleman. Either that or he's gay. I'm not sure.

After the reception we went back to the hotel, undressed in record time, lazily fondled one another, and crashed. We were both wiped out.

## Sunday, Aug 26

Ahhhh. What a much needed rest we got last night. Cherry's friend had asked us to go out bar hopping, but really all of us were quite tired and so we went to bed early. That worked out fine, because Cherry and I had plans for today.

We got up and got ready. Cherry found a Motel 6 guidebook in the dresser. It's got all the locations with info and a map on each one. The tremendous value of this book was underline by our troubles from the previous day. I stashed the book in my bag.

Our plan was to visit the Winchester Mystery House in San Jose. It took a bit of doing to get from the 1 to the 101. It was a terrible pain in the ass, but in retrospect we got the chance to see parts of California that sometimes get forgotten after too much time spent in the gridded streets of LA. I'm talking about the plains with their scattered ranches and the hills topped by ancient, gnarled trees.

The Winchester House was created in the late 1800s by the widow of the man who owned the company which made the Winchester Rifle, the gun that won the West. It's actually because of the gun that this house was made. After both her husband and child died, Mrs. Winchester thought there might be something amiss, so she talked to a psychic in Boston who told her that, yes indeed, she was being haunted by the spirits of those killed by the rifle. The psychic said that if wanted to appease the spirits she would have to move out West and build a grand house, and keep on building it continuously.

Because she was the sole heir to the Winchester fortune, raking in \$1000 a day (which would be about \$100,000 a day now), she was well off and quite able to undergo such a task. So for 38 years until the day she died, carpenters labored 24/7 on a house that grew to 160 rooms. But Mrs. Winchester didn't just have any old mansion built. No, this one was built in a way to confuse the ghosts that haunted her, or at least she hoped it would. Therefore, there are doors and windows that open up into walls, stairways that lead into the ceiling, exits that lead to a holes in the floor, a chimney which goes thru four floors only to stop one and a half feet below the roof. The house is more a maze than a house. In fact, the servants were given maps so they wouldn't get lost. However, amidst all the wackiness is a very modern house for its time. There's a shower with hot and cold running water, oil burning light fixtures (as well electrical ones that were later added), and even a system to summon the servants to the different parts of the house where she might be.

## Monday, Aug 27

There's not a hell of a lot to tell you about today. It was a fairly average Monday. Warren and I finished the rough draft on our short. He lives over near Beverly Hills. It's a bit of a hike from where we live, too far to walk in my pathetic condition. I didn't want to bother Warren for yet another ride and Cherry was at work, so I ended up using my own car. After we were done writing, I parked it back over by the CNN building, a good mile from home. It's a walk I do everyday...during the day. It's a different story by night. The streets were deserted for the most part, but of course there's always stragglers aimlessly wandering about. Every one of them looks evil or at least up to no good. Defensively, I struck an aggressive attitude in my walk, giving off the impression that I wasn't worth



bothering with, like I had nothing to lose, other than an ego I'd willingly fight for. I got home perfectly safely and thought afterwards about the people I'd passed on the street. Most of them were probably doing the same thing as me. Just a bunch of decent people acting like thugs and deviants.

## Tuesday, Aug 28

I don't remember too much about today. I got a little behind over the weekend, seein' as we was gone. And of course you realize that I can't type up the day on that day if I'm not at home. I definitely prefer to stay up-to-date, because I can remember details better. But when we go away for the weekend I have to take notes and write it up when we get back. Unfortunately, I got back-logged by three or four days and this day kinda got left in the lurch.

I did however keep a movie ticket stub to remind me that we went to see **Maybe Baby**. It's a British romantic comedy done by Ben Elton who is best known for his sitcoms over at the BBC. In fact, many of the actors appearing in those shows have cameos in this movie. It's your basic fertility flick (yes, there's a genre for it). A couple, played by Huge Laurie and Joely Richardson, are unable to have a baby no matter how desperately they try. Laurie's character, a frustrated writer, ends up using the real life drama of him and his wife as the basis for a screenplay, very much so against her wishes. The plot plays out relatively predictably. It was enjoyable, but the review I had read made it sound as if it would be far more silly and fun than it turned out to be. The best parts are the forementioned cameos by Rowan Atkinson (**The BlackAdder/Mr.Bean**), Dawn French (**French and Saunders/Murder Most Horrid/The Vicar of Dibley**) and Joanna Lumley (**Absolutely Fabulous**). Movie actress

Emma Thompson is given a short but decent roll as the hippy-drippy, earth-worshipping friend.

## Wednesday, Aug 29

For the first time since I started working at VMS, the entire office was called to a meeting. And of course it wasn't to pat us all on the back. Our employer in the LA office read to us a memorandum from the big boss in New York RE: "Streamlining VMS". Ha ha ha! "Streamlining." In other words "laying off employees with extreme prejudice." The ol' memo says "we are examining all aspects of our business, we are evaluating staffing, hours worked, job sharing, layoffs, and overtime." While towards the end it asks that we "remain focused on [our] job and maintain confidence in VMS." That's kinda hard to do with the thought of unemployment ringing thru your head.

My ass is on fire. I've been shittin' up a storm lately. Just shittin' and wipin', shittin' and wipin'. I think I'm developing calluses.

Mom called. She said Dad has moved out of the house. They haven't split up yet, just taking a break from one another for now. This is such an odd situation. I'd say more, but I don't know how I feel about it all. Obviously, I don't want them to break up, but then again, if they're not happy together what's the sense in staying together? Of course, there's plenty of reasons not to give up so easily.

I'm tired and not thinking clearly enough right now for this.

## Thursday, Aug 30

I don't eat breakfast when I get up. My stomach can't take it. But after about an hour of sitting there at work I'm so very ready to get a little something in my belly. So I took a peek into the bare cabinets of our kitchen and found



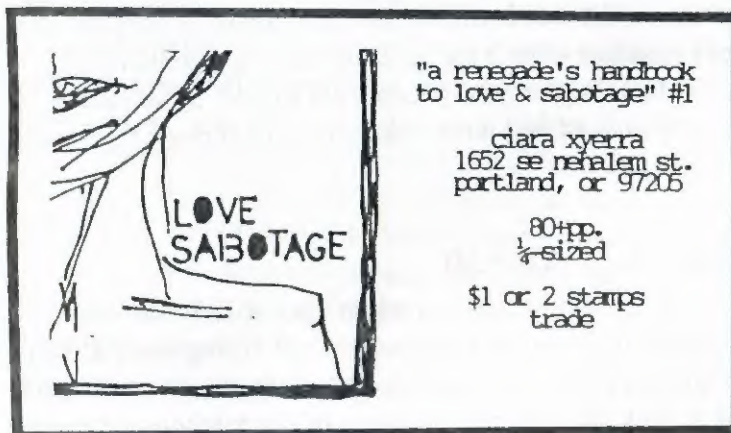
packets of miso soup sitting there. I grabbed one and had it around 9AM, and damn, that took care of me till noon.

## Friday, Aug 31

Everyone at work was either in a happy mood cuz it's Friday, giddy cuz it's payday or down right surly for various personal reasons. Pete and I saw the Fonz enter the building as we stood at the back entrance on our break. He's looking much older than the cool guy I use to idolize on tv. My idols growing up were a strange lot: The Fonz, Pee Wee Herman, Archie Bunker, Ed Grimley, and Mr. Magoo. I don't know, maybe idol is the wrong word.

Manny picked up some burritos from El Tepeyac for lunch. They're very tasty, ridiculously inexpensive, and muthafuckin' HUGE!!! I had to take two nasty shits before leaving work and one more when I got home, and I only ate half of it! My belly hurts and my stomach is wheezing like a chain smoker's lungs.

The last day of August. It's disturbing how fast my life is going by. I'm mad at myself for not having done anything with it.



## MOVIE PREVIEW

*The following are previews of movies in the making. Some of them will get made, some won't. The titles and cast may change by the time the end product hits the screen, but as of late May 2002 this is the info I've obtained on what's currently being produced in the gluttonous machine known as Hollywood.*

**I.D.** stars John Cusack, and that's all you need to know. I can't explain why, but I love John Cusack. Love everything he does. So go ahead and buy your tickets in advance. This thriller by James Mangold (**Kate & Leopold**, **Girl Interrupted**, **Cop Land**) also has Ray Liotta, Amanda Peet and Alfred Molina.

Spielberg's new one, **Catch Me If You Can** is listed as a drama starring Leonardo DiCraprio, Tom Hanks, Christopher Walken and Martin Sheen. This is perhaps the strangest grouping of actors ever. What the hell kinda movie are they making with these guys?

Has the Ice Cube vehicle **Barbershop** come out yet? MGM started on it back in January of 2001. It fringin' ought to be done by now.

You've probably seen John Cleese in those commercials by now. I don't remember what they're for (video game, a car, who knows), but in it he's playing the "Q" character from the James Bond series. Well, he's also playing the role in the twentieth Bond movie, **Die Another Day**. Goddamn, that's a stupid title. I mean the titles to these flicks have never been real good, but this one just sucks ass. In case yer wondering who the Bond girl will be...well, Judi Dench is in the cast listing. Could be her. I see Halle Berry is listed too. Hmmm. Could be her, I guess.



Crispin Glover in **Willard**. Don't miss it.

Adam Sandler's company Happy Madison is backing another Rob Schneider written picture. It's called **The Hot Chick**. Don't expect gratuitous boobey shots, it's being distributed by Walt Disney Pictures.

Jackie Chan and Owen Wilson are back with the sequel to **Shanghai Noon** in **Shanghai Knights**.

When I was a kid I loved watching **The Incredible Hulk** on tv. Ah that was sweet stuff. One night there was an episode that scared me so much I ran out of the house and down the street looking for my mom and dad. The only thing that scares me about this movie version (called **Hulk**) would be that they're using CGI for the Hulk's facial features instead a live actor in make-up. That doesn't seem right. They pulled it off just fine twenty years ago. Oh well, at least Ang Lee (**Crouching Tiger Hidden Dragon**, **Sense and Sensibility**) is directing.

**Red Dragon** is a drama/thriller that started production this past January and includes a very impressive cast list: Anthony Hopkins, Edward Norton, Ralph Fiennes, Harvey Keitel, and Emily Watson. Curiously it's being directed by Brett Ratner, who's probably best known for the **Rush Hour** movies...the third one is coming in 2004.

Here's a few sequels that I'm sure you're not surprised to hear are making their way to a theater dangerously near you soon. **The Santa Claus 2**. **Analyze That**. **Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets**. **X-Men 2**. **Charlie's Angels 2**. **The Matrix 2**. **The Matrix 3**. **Terminator 3**.

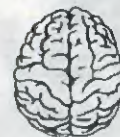
## LEFT-OVERS

Below you will find a handy list for ordering back issues. Under the 'copies remaining' heading is a subjective description of how many copies of that particular issue are sitting on the shelf. It's not meant to indicate quality, more likely I just made too many copies to begin with. If an issue is 'out' it means that at this moment I don't have any copies left. Chances are I'll make more...some day. But we both know how lazy I am, so please list alternatives when ordering anything that is 'out', 'almost gone' or anything seemingly close to that.

[Note: The first seven issues are not in the daily journal format and most of them are between 16 to 24 pages long.]

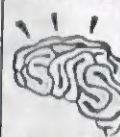
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#10	\$2	out
#11	\$2	plenty
#12	\$2	almost gone
#13	\$2	almost gone
#14	\$2	out

This is your brain.



Yawn.

This is your brain on Death of a  
Psyche.



Wow! I feel  
so utterly fulfilled  
and HAPPY!

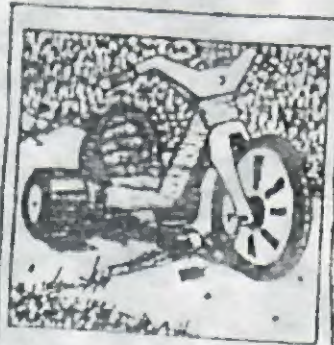
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## Rejected Band Names #7

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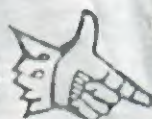
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